

The Tragedie

And thus my battell shall be ordered,  
My foreward shall be drawne in length,  
Consisting equally of horse and foote,  
Our Archers shall be placed in the midst,  
John Duke of Norffolke, Thomas Earle of Surrey,  
Shall haue the leading of the foote and horse,  
They thus directed, we will follow  
In the maine battell, whose puiſſance on either ſide  
Shall be well winged with our chiefeſt horſe:  
This, and Saint George to boote, what thinkeſt thou Nor.  
*Nor.* A good direction warlike ſoueraigne, *He ſheweth*  
This found I on my tent this morning. *him a paper.*  
*Lockey of Norffolke be not ſo bold,*  
*For Dickon thy maſter is bought and ſold.*  
*King.* A thing deuſed by the enemye,  
Goe Gentlemen euery man vnto his charge,  
Let not our babling dreames affright our ſoules,  
Conſcience is a word that cowards vſe,  
Deuiſe as firſt to keepe the ſtrong in awe,  
Our ſtrong armes be our conſcience, ſwords our lawe  
March on, ioyne brauely, let vſ too it pell mell,  
If not to heauen, then hand in hand to hell. *His Oration to*  
What ſhall I ſay more then I haue inferd? *his Armie.*  
Remember whom you are to cope withall,  
A ſort of vagabonds, rafcals and runawaies,  
A ſcum of Brittain, and baſe lackey peſants,  
Whom their oreloyed country vomits forth  
To deſperate adventures & aſur'd deſtruction,  
You ſleeping ſafe, they bring you to vnreſt:  
You hauing lands, & bleſt with beauteous wiues,  
They would reſtaine the one, diſtaine the other,  
And who doth lead them but a paltrey fellow?  
Long kept in Brittain at our mothers coſt,  
A milkeſopt, one that neuer in his life  
Felt ſo much cold as ouer ſhoes in ſnow:  
Lets whip theſe ſtraglers ore the ſeas againe,  
Laſh hence theſe ouerweening rags of France,  
Theſe famiſht beggers weary of their liues,  
Who but for dreaming on this ſond exployt,  
For want of means poore rats had hangd themſelues

of Richard the third.

If we be conquered, let men conquere vs,  
And not theſe baſtard Brittaines whom our fathers  
Haue in their owne land beaten, bobd and thumpr,  
And on record left them the heires of ſhame.  
Shall theſe enioy our lands, lye with our wiues?  
Rauish our daughters, harke I heare their drum,  
Right Gentlemen of England, fight boldly ycomen,  
Draw Archers draw, your arrows to the head,  
Spur your proud horſes hard, and ride in bloud,  
Amaze the welkin with your broken ſtaues,  
What ſaies Lord Stanley, will he bring his power?  
*Meſ.* My Lord, he doth denie to come.  
*King.* Off with his ſonne Georges head.  
*Nor.* My Lord, the enemye is paſt the marſh,  
After the battaile, let George Stanley die.  
*King.* A thouſand hearts are great within my boſom  
Aduance our ſtandards, ſet vpon our foes,  
Our auncient word of courage faire Saint George  
Inſpire vs with the ſpleene of fierie Dragons,  
Vpon them, victorie ſits on our helpeſ.  
*Alarum, excuſions, Enter Catesbie.*  
*Cat.* Reſcew my Lord of Norfolke, reſcew, reſcew  
The King enactſ more wonders then a man,  
Daring an oppoſite to euery danger,  
His horſe is ſlaine, and all on foote he fights,  
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death,  
Reſcew faire Lord, or elſe the day is loſt. *Enter Rich.*  
*King.* A horſe, a horſe, my kingdome for a horſe.  
*Cat.* Withdraw my Lord, ile helpe you to a horſe.  
*King.* Slaue I haue ſet my life vpon a caſt  
And I will ſtand the hazard of the dye,  
I thinke there be ſixe Richmonds in the field,  
Fieue haue I ſlaine to day, in ſtead of him.  
A horſe, a horſe, my kingdome for a horſe.  
*Alarum, Enter Richard and Richmond, they fight, Richard is*  
*then retrait being ſounded. Enter Richmond, Darby bea*  
*crowne, with other Lords.*  
*Rich.* God and your armes be praiſed victorious friend  
The day is ours, the bloudie dog is dead.  
*Dar.* Courageous Richmond, wel haſt thou acquit th